



'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

If you have been reading this column—and I hope you have; I mean I genuinely and sincerely hope so; I mean it does not profit me one farthing whether you read this column or not; I mean I am paid every week by the makers of Marlboro and my stipend is not altered in any particular by the number of people who read or fail to read this column—an act of generosity totally typical, you would say, if you knew the makers of Marlboro as I know the makers of Marlboro; I mean here are totemicists gray at the temples and full of honors who approach their art as ingenuously, as eagerly, as trustingly as the youngest and most innocent of practitioners; I mean the purpose of the Marlboro makers is simply to put the best of all possible filters behind the best of all possible tobaccos and then go, head high, into the market place with their product, confident that the inherent sense of right and wrong, of good and bad, of shoddy and meritorious, which is the birthright of every American, will result in a modest return to themselves for their long hours and dedicated labors—not, let me hasten to add, that money is of prime consideration to the makers of Marlboro; all these simple men require is plain, nourishing food, plenty of Marlboros, and the knowledge they have scattered a bit of sunshine into the lives of smokers everywhere; if, I say, you have been reading this column, you may remember that last week we started a discussion of what to give our friends for Christmas.

We agreed, of course, to give cartons of Marlboro to everyone we know or would like to know. Today let us look into some other welcome gifts.

Do you know someone who is interested in American history? If so, he will surely appreciate a statuette of Millard Fillmore

with a clock in the stomach. (Mr. Fillmore, incidentally, was the only American president with a clock in his stomach. James K. Polk had a stenowinder in his head and William Henry Harrison claimed the quarter-hour, but only Mr. Fillmore, of all our chief executives, had a clock in his stomach. Franklin Pierce had a sweep second hand and Zachary Taylor had seventeen jewels and Martin Van Buren ticked, but, I repeat, Mr. Fillmore, and Mr. Fillmore alone, had a clock in his stomach. Some say that Mr. Fillmore was also the first president with power steering, but most historians assign this distinction to Chester A. Arthur. However, it has been established beyond a doubt that Mr. Fillmore was the first president with central heating. No wonder they called him Old Hickory!)

But I digress. To get back to welcome and unusual Christmas gifts, here's one that's sure to please—a gift certificate



from the American Chiropractic Society. Accompanying each certificate is this fetching little poem:

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year,
Japan sacro-ilar!
May your spine forever shine,
Blessings on your icking back.
May your lumbar ne'er grow number,
May your backbone ne'er dislodge,
May your coulal never dandle,
Joyeux Noel! Heaveez massage!

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And greetings of the season from Marlboro's newest partner in pleasure, the unfiltered, all-new, king-size Philip Morris Commander. At Yuletide, at any tide, welcome aboard!



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